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The Baby's Death.

Fold down its little baby hands—
This was a hope you had of old;
Fillet the brow with rosy bands,
And kiss its locks of shining gold.
Somewhere in the reach of years
Another hope may come like this;
But this poor babe is gone, in tears,
With thin white lips, cold to thy kiss.

In summer a little heap of flowers,
In winter a little drift of snow,
And this is all through all the hours,
Of the promises perished long ago.
So every heart has one dear grave,
Close hidden under its joys and care,
Till o'er it gusts of memory wave,
And leave the little headstone bar.

EXCELLENCY OF CHRIST.

He is a path, if any be misled;
He is a robe, if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger, he is bread;
If any be a bondman, he is free;
If any be out weak, how strong is he!
To dead men life he is, to sick men health;
To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth;
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.
—*Giles Fletcher*

A PROCLAMATION.

BY JOHN G. SMITH, GOVERNOR.

THE LORD REIGNETH; LET THE EARTH REJOICE.

In accordance with a long established custom, and conforming to the recommendation of the President of the United States, I do hereby appoint THURSDAY, THE 26TH DAY OF NOVEMBER INSTANT, to be observed as a day of PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE TO ALMIGHTY GOD: And I deeply impress upon the people of this State, that on the day thus set apart, they rest from their usual employment and assemble in their customary places of worship, to render to Him their devout thanks for His exalted goodness and His tender mercies.

Let us thank Him for the prosperity which everywhere abounds: that the labor of the husbandman has been abundantly rewarded; that though, as a nation, we have been scourged for our sins with a desolating war, yet that peace has reigned within our own commonwealth.

Let us thank Him for signal victories in so many fiercely fought battles; for the destruction of so many of the strongholds of rebellion; for the repulse of the haughty invader; for the suppression of the murderous spirit of riot and anarchy; for the conquest of so large a portion of the rebellious territory; and for the glorious dawn of UNIVERSAL FREEDOM.

Above all let us thank Him for the Hope of salvation through JESUS CHRIST, OUR REDEEMER.

And as we gather to mingle in the festivities of the occasion, let us not be unmindful of the destitute and unfortunate; but, as the Lord of the Harvest has bestowed upon us of His bounties, so let us bestow of our charities to relieve the suffering poor.

Let us remember in our prayers and bounties the brave soldier, who for his country's sake, is denied the comforts and luxuries of home.

And as on that day the Nation unites in rendering to God the homage of praise and thanksgiving, let us earnestly pray that He will listen to its uplifted voice for a speedy triumph over all our enemies, and bless us with an honorable and enduring peace.

Given under my hand, and the Seal of the State, in Executive Chamber, at Montpelier, this ninth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hudred and sixty-three, and of the Independance of the United States the 88th.

By His Excellency the Governor,
JOHN G. SMITH.
SAMUEL WILLIAMS,
Secretary of Civil and Military Affairs.

The Caledonian.

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Libby Prison.

A Gentlemen who has experienced the miseries of Libby Prison at Richmond, gives an account of it in the New York Times.

"Close on to the canal, and at the corner of Cary and 21st street, and within a mile of "Rocketts," stand the horrid Libby Prison. The entire length of the building on Cary street is 135 feet, with a depth of about 90 feet on 21st street. It is divided into three sections by stout brick walls, and is, on the side next to the canal, four stories, while on Cary street it is but three stories in hight—each of the stories being divided into three oblong low rooms of 45 by 60 feet. On the ground floor the room next to 21st street is appropriated to the rebel guard, the next one to the Union officers, and the third is the hospital. This is on the Cary street side, or front of the building. On the canal side, the lower story, or ground floor, is the cookhouse and receptacle for the dead, until a sufficient number have accumulated to make it worth while to remove them, or until the stench becomes too great for the rebels themselves to bear. On the second floor, in the two rooms next to 21st street, are over four hundred Union soldiers, and in the third room on the floor may be found *the remnant* of some 100 Union citizens, who have been incarcerated since the commencement of the war. Some few of these prisoners were Quakers, and were released on payment of $500 each. The three rooms on the upper floor contain at least two hundred Union soldiers each. Four small sized windows at each end of these rooms admit a limited amount of light for about 25 feet, leaving about 40 feet in the center of each, where print cannot be read in the daytime. Prisoners once admitted to the 'Libby,' never leave it for an instant for any purpose, day or night, except to be exchanged, or to be carried to an unknown grave. There are ill-constructed water-closets in the rooms, which, owing to the continual breaking of the waste pipes, emit a most intolerable effluvia. In addition to all this, the whole place is one nest of the most abominable vermin. About half a ration of fair bread and a plate of small dark colored beans, (or 'cow peas,') twice a day, is the usual fare, meat being used only twice a week, and then in very small quantities. So much for the Libby Prison itself, but all this is capped by the treatment received by the unfortunate inmates.

"Gen. Winder still retains the chief command, though Capt. Turner is the commandant of the post at the Libby. This man, though lauded continually by the Richmond papers for his kindness to the prisoners, is cruelty itself. Every petty annoyance that can be invented is tried in order that some of his rules, so that he may have the satisfaction of 'bucking and gagging,' or putting in irons, or on bread and water, the offender. (?) I have known him to threaten to hang one individual because he would not get twelve men to sweep the street in front of the prison, and he put four men in irons and in a dark room, on bread and water for 48 hours, because they would not clean out his stable. Next in command is Lt. Enack, who, when Col. Benedict was unable to leave his wretched bed, stood over him with a revolver in his hand, and swore that if he did not get up he would kick him out of it."

A Child Martyr.

Early in the month of May a boy of some seven summers presented himself for admission to the Sunday school of the Church of the Mediator in New York. From the first Sunday he was the object of special interest on the part of both his pastor and teacher. Always punctual in his attendance, tidy in appearance and eager to learn, he soon won the affection of all his fellows in the infant class to which he belonged. But though comely, he was black. The prejudice which his color excited among those of meaner mold he quickly disarmed by his quiet, respectful, Christian manner. He was a child Christian. What more lovely is there on earth? What more highly esteemed is there in Heaven? Little did those who thus casually met him from Sunday to Sunday imagine the witness of suffering God had proposed to perfect in him! At the time of the late riot he was living with an aged grandmother and a widowed mother at No.— East Twenty-eighth street. On Wednesday morning of that fearful week, a crowd of ruffians gathered in the neighborhood, determined on the work of plunder and death. They stole everything they could carry with them, and after threatening and affrightening the inmates set fire to the house. The colored people, who had the sole occupancy of the building, were forced in confusion into the midst of the gathering crowd. And then the child was seperated from his guardians. He was alone among lions. But ordinary humanity, common decency, had exempted a child so young anywhere from brutality.—But no. No sooner did they see his unprotected, defenseless condition, than a company of fiendish men surrounded him. They seized him in their fury and beat him with sticks, and bruised him with cobble-stones. But one, ten-fold more the Satan than the rest, rushed at the child, and with the stock of a pistol struck him on the temple and felled him to the ground. A noble young fireman—God bless the firemen for their manly deeds—a noble young fireman by the name McGovern instantly came to the rescue, and single-handed held the crowd at bay. Taking the wounded and unconscious boy in his arms, he went to the house of an American citizen close by and asked to have him received. But on her knees the woman begged him not to leave the dying sufferer with her, "lest the mob should tear her to pieces." It was a suffering Saviour in the person of his humblest child. Naked and wounded and a stranger, they took him not in. But a kind hearted German woman made him a sharer of her poverty. With more than a mother's care did she nurse the forsaken one.

A physician was called and both night and day she faithfully watched over the bed of him outcast from his brethren. Our hearts bless her for goodness to our child. By name she is yet unknown, but by her deeds well known and well beloved. His distracted mother found her cherished boy in these kind hands. And when she saw him, in the earnest simplicity of her spirit she kneeled in prayer to thank God for the fulfillment of his promise. "God hath taken him up"—The lad lingered until Thursday evening when the Saviour released him from his sufferings, and "the child was caught up to God and the throne." This is the pastor's memorial to little Joseph Reed, a martyr to the brutality and inhumanity of men, to the cause of law and order and right. A tablet to his memory shall be placed on the walls of the Sunday school room to which he loved to come. Those who were kind to him we count as benefactors to us. May the God of all grace richly reward them with the blessings of His love. Buried on earth without a prayer, but with praises welcomed in Heaven, the chosen loved child of the family, "Joseph is not."

The late Battle at Rappahannock Station.

The following brief but clear account of the gallant accomplishment of our troops under Gen. Sedgwick at Rappahannock Station on Saturday week is from the correspondence of the New York Times, dated at the headquarters of the army of the Potomac on Sunday, 8th instant:

"The stronghold of the enemy on the left bank of the Rappahannock, between Rappahannock and Beverly Station, consisted of the old earth fortifications near the railroad crossing, recently strengthened by the addition of railroad iron taken from the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and another similar work half a mile or more westerly, on the river, connected by a curtain, rifle-pits, and all the usual contrivances resorted to for the defence of similar works. At about midway between these forts the enemy had a bridge across the river, and another bridge below the railroad in front, over which our troops had to pass, first having to drive the enemy's skirmishers and sharpshooters.—There were several natural rifle-pits filled with troops.

When it is considered that the main attack was not made until after sunset, so that the ground to be passed over could not be distinctly seen, and therefore the full character of the obstructions could not be ascertained, some idea of the hard task our troops had to perform may be imagined.

During the day the sixth corps moved forward from the rear of Bealtor Station, on the right of the railroad, to within one mile and a half of the enemy's works—the first division (Gen. Russell) on the left, the third division (Gen. Ferry) in the centre, and the second division (Gen. Howe) on the right.

The fifth corps moved forward on the left of the track, and took position in a piece of woods a little more to the rear, but sending forward a picket brigade, of picked skirmishers under Brig. Gen. Gerard, who drove the enemy's skirmishers from the plateau on the left of the railroad to the river bank, in doing which the force suffered severely from a cross-fire of artillery and rifle-shots from the fortifications near the railroad. The force was composed of men from all the divisions of the fifth corps, and they performed the work in a noble manner. Having accomplished the special object of this movement, a portion of the troops were placed under the cover of the railroad embankment, while the remainder watched the river bank to prevent a flank movement.

At a little before sundown, Brig. Gen. Russell, commanding the first division of the sixth corps—the division belonging to Gen. Wright—but who on Saturday commanded the corps, moved his command on the right of the railroad, and under a very heavy fire of artillery and infantry carried the rifle pits.

Just as night had shrouded the heavens in darkness, a charge was made by the fifth Wisconsin and sixth Maine volunteer infantry, upon the fortifications near the railroad, supported in the movement by the one hundred and nineteenth Pennsylvania and forty-ninth Pennsylvania. Having carried the fortification, after a brief but severe struggle, the fifth Wisconsin and sixth Maine dashed forward to the bridge, completely cutting off the whole rebel force on the left bank of the river. Gen. Shaler's brigade, of the first division, came up on the right, and at an opportune moment carried the works there, when the whole rebel force threw down their muskets and surrendered.

DISTURBANCE AMONG THE MINERS.—At Maunch Chunk, Pa., Thursday night, Geo. K. Smith, of the firm of Hull, Carroll & Co., of Philadelphia, was murdered by enraged miners, because, it is said, he had given the provost marshal information, enabling him to arrest drafted men. It is supposed Mr. Smith was shot while travelling from the mines to Jolesville. A force of military has been in that vicinity for some time, enforcing the draft and arresting deserters. One dispatch says: "No Union man's life is safe in Jolesville, Yorktown, Doleraine, Beaver Meadows, and other mines of the middle coal-fields. Seven or eight murders were committed there within the last few weeks."

Rev. Asa D. Smith, D. D., is to be inaugurated president of Darthmouth College, on Wednesday, Nov. 16th.

"Mr. Thingumbobski," said a Yankee to a Russian neighbor at table, endeavoring to be inteltigible, "thank you for the pepperdorff."

The Three Fairies.

One day a little child sat by a widow sewing. Her little face was clouded, and as she dropped her scissors, and her thread became knotted, and her spool of cotton rolled away, she gave expression to her feelings in a peevish fretfulness which took away all the sunlight from her little face, as a dark cloud hides all the brightness of a sunny day.

"I don't see why mother gives me this sewing to do," said little May—that was her name—"I wish I could go out and play."

Presently she saw a little figure in a gauzy dress, all spangled with dewdrops, approaching her. And a sweet voice like music addressed her in these words—"I am come, my little girl to bestow upon you three gifts; carry them with you, my child, through life and they will help you to bear all your troubles, to fulfil all its duties, and to enjoy all its pleasures."

Then May looked and behold three little fairies stood before her, so tiny she could almost hide them in the bell of a lily; and one of them, in a pure white robe, with sweet blue eyes, came stealing up to May's little chair. "This," said the fairy, "is Patience." Now, when May look down upon Patience, Patience, smiled; and her smile was so full of quiet peace and beauty, that May stretched out her arms, and the little thing nestled close to her heart, and whispered, "Oh! keep me always here," and May answered, "Yes, Patience, I will."

Then May looked at the second little stranger, and his robe was blue, and he had dark laughing eyes, and a face full of resolution. "This," said the fairy "is Courage." And Courage scarcely waited for an invitation, but he sprang to May's arms, and he looked up to May with his dark eyes full of hope and fire, and he shook back his curls and whispered, "I shall stay, too, May; though I am a little fellow, I can do great things; my little sister Patience will need me, and I can help you very much." Then May said "You're a resolute little fellow, and I could not say no; you shall stay also." Then Courage laughed for he always had his own way.

And May looked again—oh! how beautiful was the third one! She could not see his dress save it was of dazzling brightness.—Smiles played upon his face, love in his eyes. Sunshine rested upon his golden curls; he had the bright look of Courage, and the hopeful look of Patience, but something more than this. May was almost afraid to look too steadily upon him, lest he should vanish away; and yet she longed to take him to her heart forever.

"Will *he* come?" said she. "I want him also!"

"Well," said the fairy, "his name is Joy." And Joy whispered, as he wound his arm about May's neck, "I never live apart from my sister Patience and my brother Courage; if you cherish and love them, you will always find me here."

Then, when May looked again upon Joy, his face had changed; it wore the peaceful, quiet look of Patience, full of unspeakable happiness; and again it was like the rippling water dancing in the sunlight—all smiles and gladness—and May thought there never was anything half so beautiful as Joy; and her eyes filled with tears, and she kissed him fondly and said, "Oh, Joy! stay always with me."

And the fairy had gone when May raised her eyes again; but Patience, and Courage, and Joy, were still there in all their beauty. Then May thought, "Oh!" she said, "it is that hard seam, I cannot do it." "Yes," said Courage, "try, I will help you; I am sure we can." And when May saw the flash of his earnest eyes, she felt that with him to help her, she should not fail. She began her work with a hopeful spirit, and the hard seam grew quite easy, with Courage to help her; and May was glad when she remembered the fairy had said he might always stay. But presently May's thread knotted and her scissors fell, while she was in great haste to finish her work. May was just about to exclaim, "Oh, dear," in her old fretful manner, when little Patience sprang down after the scissors, and kissed May, and unfastened the knot; then May felt a little ashamed of her ill-temper, and she thought "How glad I am that Patience stayed!"

Then very soon the work was finished, and May folded it up, and Joy laid his curly little head against her cheek, and she looked in his face, and his dancing eyes were full of light; and May kissed him again with tearful eyes, why, she could not tell, only she was so very happy, and away she flew to show her work to her mother.

Then May awoke, for she had been asleep all this time, dear children, and it was all a dream. Her mother stood beside her, and May told her mother of her dream. "Oh! mother, I am so sorry that they are gone. It was such a pleasant dream! But, mother," said May, "I will not forget them." "No," said her mother, "you may always keep them, my little daughter. Patience and courage in your daily efforts will always bring to you great peace and joy."

Now, my little friends, if you have a hard lesson to get, or a hard sum to do, or a piece of work you do not like, remember the three little fairies. Call little bright-eyed Courage to help you begin your task. He will always say, "Try, children; feel that you will succeed; it is half the battle; do your best." And remember Patience, when you feel discouraged, she will say, "Try again; I will help you as much as Courage, more, perhaps." And you need not call Joy till your task is done, for he never comes unless Patience and Courage have been there also. Ah! but then he will come, and you will feel in your own little hearts the brightness that Mary saw in the fairy Joy in her morning dream.

Ladies' Dresses in Muddy Weather.

It is an unpleasant sight to see ladies in the streets, on rainy days, allow their dresses to trail in the mud. There is no impropriety in raising the skirts high enough to keep them out of the dirt; there is a very unladylike prudery in refusing to raise them slightly when cleanliness requires it. It is not necessary however, for any lady to hold her dress with her hands to keep it out of the mud. The English women, says an European writer, understand these things better than we do. They go out, walking in rain and mud, wearing long dresses and, without taking their hands from their muffs, come home with their clothing as cleanly as when they started out. How do they do it? They wear skirts that do not reach lower than the ankle; short enough, in fact, to keep clear of the mud without any lifting. The dress is worn long, but is looped up when the lady is in the street. The loops are a late invention, and are now the fashion in Great Britain.—

A woman who should go out without them in muddy weather would be considered a prude. They are made thus: There is a belt of black ribbon, three-fourths of an inch wide, and long enough to go round the lady's waist, with a hook at one end and an eye at the other as a fastening; a piece of the same kind of ribbon, three yards long, is attached to the end and middle of the belt. The belt is now put on with the hook and eye in front; and hanging down on each side is a loop of black ribbon, three-quarters of a yard long. When the lady is about to go out; she puts on her belt, and puts a part of the lower portion of her dress through each loop, which is thus raised into four festoons, and all of it is above the lower edge of the petticoat. She then walks out with her hands free, her dress clean, and her conscience at ease; and if she wishes to enter a house she can take her dress out of the loops in an instant. The looped dress is not only clean but graceful, and it shows a white petticoat, one of the most beautiful articles of ladies' apparel, to much advantage. In England, however, a white petticoat is not considered indispensable; on the contrary, scarlet woolen petticoats are much worn by most fashionable people, as also are red woolen stockings. Indeed, the white cotton stockings are the exception, and not the rule, for London wear in winter. Wool is ordinarily worn, sometimes scarlet, or scarlet with black stripes, or plaid with a variety of colors. And then the shoes are not of thin oil cloth, with paper soles, but Balmoral boots, with heavy uppers and thick soles, lacing up in front, as if they were made for beings of flesh and blood, hard on roast beef, and good for real service, hard work, sturdy health, and long life. Our American women are too much in the habit of following bad fashions, and neglecting good ones. If they will adopt the healthful practices, as well as the expensive luxuries of European aristocracy, it will be far better, as well as more creditable in them. We are glad to see, however, that a correct taste is being exercised by our ladies. They study health and comfort more than the fashions, and we may expect to see them as rosy-cheeked and robust as any of our English cousins.

Feeding Hens in Winter.

The following is furnished the American Agriculturist by a correspondent:

"I have twenty-eight chickens. I obtained but a few eggs in the fore part of the winter—not more than one or two a day. The feed was corn and oats. In January I tried the experiment of hot feed once a day, in the morning. As soon as the fire was started in the cook stove, I put a quart or so of small potatoes in an old dripping-pan, and set them in the oven. After breakfast I took a quart or more of wheat and buckwheat bran, mixed, put in the swill-pail, and mixed into thin mush, with boiling water, then added about one quart of live coals from the stove, and put in the potatoes hot from the oven, adding all the egg shells on hand, and sometimes a little salt, and sometimes a little sulphur. These, mashed together, are fed immediately in a trough prepared for that purpose, made about ten feet long, of two boards six inches wide, nailed together, and two short pieces nailed on the ends, with a narrow strip nailed lengthwise on the top, and two bearers under. The object of this was to keep the hens out of the trough, and leave room to eat each side of the narrow strip. At noon I fed six ears of corn cut up in pieces an inch long, and in the evening oats and wheat screenings about a quart. Now for the result. In about a week the number of eggs increased six fold and in about two weeks, and since, they have ranged from twelve to twenty eggs per day. The coldest weather made no difference. When it was cold and stormy I kept them in the henhouse all day and generally until ten or twelve o'clock. Such singing over corn at noon I never heard from hens before—a concert of music that would have done any lover of eggs good to hear."

☞ A little three-year old child ran away from home and came over to a neighbor's house about eight o'clock in the evening, while her mother had gone to the well for a pail of water. Rather surprised at seeing her out at so late an hour, we asked her: "Are you not a afraid to come so far from home in the night?" "Oh no, sir," replied the confiding little thing, "I've got on mother's hood!"

There is an Irishman employed as a porter on the Great Eastern Railway, who brags of having a watch that keeps correct time. He was heard to remark a few mornings since, upon pulling out his watch, "If the sun ain't over that hill in a minnet and a half, he will be late."

Recreations for the Winter.

The wise ones tell us that we are to have a gay winter. Mourning has been banished from the executive mansion at Washington, and the wife of our chief magistrate is expected to take the lead in Washington society. Parties, levees, receptions are to be the order of the day, and the beaux and belles, whose thoughts never rise higher than gloves or neckties, hats or headdresses, are already busily occupied in taking account of their wardrobes, and supplying any deficiencies that may be necessary to produce the most striking effect. Other cities catch their inspiration from the national capital, and the notes of preparation are being sounded throughout the land. But even as we hear them there upon our ears, for we remember that the leaves are falling now upon many a new made grave, and the drapery of mourning that we everywhere meet reminds us that we are still living in a time when great sacrifices are demanded, and when bereavements are the rule rather than the exception. To all those whose hearts lie buried upon our unmeions battle fields, whose tears moisten anew the earth once moistened by kindred blood, the sounds that shall proclaim the abandonment of American society to thoughtless mirth and careless gaiety, will be anything but melodious. They do not demand of the whole world to weep because they weep; neither do they expect that the recreations of society will be suspended simply because the shadow of death has darkened their own hearthstones. But something is due to their lacerated feelings, and an intelligent and sympathetic public, reverencing the memory of those who have sealed their patriotic impulses with their blood, will gladly and generously seek to adapt the character of their recreations to the times in which we live.

A winter of doubts and fears is before us, and we shall have abundent need of sensible recreation. But the recreation needed is such as will elevate us above our selfishness and infuse into our lives a larger degree of benevolence as a preparation for the future sacrifices that will be required of us. Let those who have money to expend upon pleasures see that it is so spent as to secure the happiness of others less fortunate than themselves. Let us have Christmas festivals for children whom the fortune of war has orphaned? let us have free concerts and free lectures, where the wives and widows of our gallant soldiers can enjoy a quiet evening and mingle, perchance, with brighter and better society than their own scantily filled purses will permit; let us have fairs and lectures, conducted to the sick and wounded who are languishing in our camps and hospitals; let our pleasures become charities, and let our charities be tinged with a broader and truer benevolence of feeling than we have ever had before. In this way will our recreations be sensible and profitable, and even should there be less flow of animal spirits, that will be amply compensated for by the expansion of our charitable impulses and the elevation of the better part of our humanity.

Hold up a Little.

Money was never spent more freely than now. For dress, luxury, amusement, all classes spend with a freedom close akin to recklessness and prodigality. There seems to be no thought for the future. People of moderate incomes and no reserved means spend quite as fast or faster than they receive. Workmen who find it difficult to lay in a winter's stock of coal send their children into the street, week days, dressed in a style that would have been considered extravagant for holiday costume three years ago. The most expensive fabrics are worn by almost everybody, and there seems to be little regard paid to the cost of anything. If it is stylish and attractive it is bought, even if it takes the last dollar, and there is neither coal nor flour in store for the cold and hungry months coming. Can we go on in this way for any length of time?

We do not spend our money as the Southern people do, because it is too uncertain to keep. Its ultimate redemtion in gold is so well assured that the few who have it all are hoarding it as if it were specie, and millions of dollars of it have been sold South to people who forsee the end of the present contest and want something reliable to fall back upon when the final crash comes. We squander because it is the fashion. The shoddy aristocracy begun it, and almost everybody has been swept into the prevailing current. We had better hold up a little. It is going to cost something to live through the next six months, and it will be convenient to have a few greenbacks cotstantly on hand. Prices are not going to improve, as the purchaser reckons improvement. In fact the mercantile classes have got so used to marking up, and the people spend with so little question or care, that many articles which cost no more they did formerly are sold at greatly increased prices.

Economy is the virtue just now to be inculcated and practiced—not parsimony, but wise expenditure, limited by our means and some forethought of the necessities and possibilities of the future. To spend for mere show and ostentation is too expensive and too vulgar for any but the shoddy aristocracy. If the majority of us can get the wherewithal for substantial comfort in the house and a decent and becoming appearance in the street, we may consider ourselves fortunate, and we had better stop short with that for the present. The advice to take no thought for the morrow was not meant for our cold climate and sterile soil, and if we use up in summer all the avails of the season we must expect to starve and freeze the other half of the year. Why don't somebody reproduce "Poor Richard's" maxims and start an economical reform?—*Springfield Republican.*

Don't Rock the Baby.

If all the ultimate consequences of one's acts are to be laid to his charge, the man who invented rocking cradels for children rests under a fearful load of responsibility. The down-right murder of tens of thousands of infants, and the weakened brains of hundreds of thousands of adults, are undoubted results of his invention. To rock a child in a cradle, or swing him in a crib, amounts to just this: *the rapid motion disturbs the natural flow of the blood, and produces stupor or drowziness.* Can any body suppose for a moment that such an operation is a healthful one? Every one knows the dizzy and often sickening effect of moving rapidly in a swing; yet wherein does this differ from the motion a child receives when rocked in a cradle. It is equivalent to lying in a ship berth during a violent storm, and that sickens nine people out of ten. A very gentle, slow motion, may sometimes be soothing though always of doubtful expediency, but to move a cradle as rapidly as the swing of a pendulum three feet long, that is once in a second, is positive cruelty. We always feel like grasping and staying the arm of the mother or nurse who, to secure quietude, swings the cradle or crib with a rapidity equal to that of a pendulum a foot long. If any mother is disposed to laugh at our suggestions, or consider them whimsical, we beg of her to have a bed or cot hung on cords, then lie down in it herself, and have some one swing it with the same rapidity that she allows the cradel to be rocked.—What she will experience in both head and stomach is just what the infant experiences.

We insist that this rocking of children is a useless *habit.* If not accustomed to rocking, they will go to sleep quite as well when lying quietly, as when shaken in a cradle. If they do not, there is trouble from sickness, or hunger, or more likely from an over-loaded stomach; and though the rocking may produce a temporary stupor, the trouble is made worse thereafter by the unnatural means taken to produce quiet for the time being.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE UNION MARTYRS OF EAST TENNESSEE.—But we stop a moment to look at one of the most painful scenes of the war. On the floor of a large old mill, open to the blasts on all sides, and illy covered at the top, are seated hardly less than a score of women and children, huddling closely together to avoid the chilly air. They are "refugees," a name which has a deeper significance in East Tennessee than in any other country in the world. They are of all ages, from the tottering grandparent down to the little ones who so quickly bring to mind our own firesides. Their condition is most wretched; with scarce clothing enough to cover their limbs, with only the damp floor to lie upon, and a small bundle of scanty bedding, dependent upon the bounty of the soldiers, and with the memory of a home in blackened ruins to haunt their dreams, they are miserable indeed. They gaze at us as we pass, with a pitiful, mercy-seeking expression in their pallid faces. "Did you see them?" goes from lip to lip, and a fervent prayer of "God have mercy upon them," goes up from every heart.—*Letter from Chattanooga.*

HAIR BRUSHES.—To wash hair-brushes never use soap. Take a piece of soda, dissolve it in warm water, stand the brush in it, taking care that the water covers only the bristles. It will almost instantly become white and clean. Place it in the air to dry, with the bristles downward, and it will be as firm as a new brush.

☞ It has been thought that people are degenerating, because they don't live as long as in the day of Methuselah. But the fact, is, provisions are so high that nobody can afford to live very long at the current prices.

☞ A Massachusetts Judge has decided that a husband may open his wife's letters, on the ground—tersely stated—"that the husband and wife are one, and the husband *is that one.*"

GOOD ADVICE.—Count Gasparin, the noble Frenchman, who of all foreigns has best understood our great contest, in a recent private letter, gives the following advices:

"Already the hour of your success seems to have come. How do I rejoice over it!—But just here it is that you will need to redouble your wisdom. Close in around Mr. Lincoln. Make sure the abolition of slavery. Practice equality toward men of color. Avoid foreign quarrels. Avoid oppression in the South. Your glory should consist in promptly re-establishing there liberty and the life of the body politic."

☞ A resident of South Salem had one hen the present spring, which he set in May, and she hatched and reared a brood of chickens, ten in number: Soon after the first chickens were hatched the hen began to lay, and then set again, having a second brood, nine in number. The first chickens, partaking somewhat of the nature of the old hen—we mean as to being smart—surprised their owner by presenting him with an egg; the age of the pullets then being only three months and twenty-four days. No name has yet been found for this wonderful species of the domestic fowl. Who can beat this?—*Salem Gazette.*

A GOODLY ARRAY.—The following States have this year declared emphatically for the government to the end of the war:

MAINE,	OHIO,
NEW HAMPSHIRE,	INDIANA,
MASSACHUSETTS,	ILLINOIS,
RHODE ISLAND,	MICHIGAN,
CONNECTICUT,	WISCONSIN,
VERMONT,	IOWA,
NEW YORK,	MINNESOTA,
PENNSYLVANIA,	KANSAS,
DELAWARE,	KENTUCKY,
MARYLAND,	MISSOURI,
WEST VIRGINIA,	OREGON,
CALIFORNIA.	

The only State not yet in line—but soon coming—is New Jersey.

An English cotemporary, speaking of a newly-invented metallic burial case, says it is fast coming into fashion, and is highly recommended by those who have used it.